

*Fals.* You rogue, heeres lime in this sacke too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man, yet a coward is worse then a cup of sacke with lime in it. A villanous coward, Go thy waies old lacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten her- ring: there liues not three good men vnhand in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I say, I would I were a weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prin.* How now, Wolfacke, what mutter you?

*Fal.* A kings sonne: if I do not beate thee out of thy kingdome with a dagger of lath, and drue all thy subiects afore thee like a flocke of wilde geese, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

*Prin.* Why you hore son round-man, what's the matter?

*Falst.* Are you not a coward? answere me to that, and Poinces there.

*Poin.* Zoundes yee fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord, ile stab thee.

*Falst.* I call thee cowarde? ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pound, I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue mee them that will face me; giue me a cup of sacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Pri.* O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip't since thou drunkst last.

*Falst.* All's one for that. *He drinketh.*

A plague of all cowards still say I.

*Prince.* What's the matter?

*Falst.* Whats the matter? here be foure of vs haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

*Prince.* Where is it? lacke, where is it?

*Falst.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prince.* VVhat, a hundred, man?

*Falst.* I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, foure through the hose,

my buckler cut through and through, my sworde hack't like a hand-saw, ecce signum. I neuer dealt better since I was a man, all would not doe. A plague of all cowards, let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darkenesse.

*Gad.* Speake, sirs, how was it?

*Rofs.* We foure set vpon some douzen.

*Falst.* Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

*Rofs.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Jew else, and Ebrew Jew.

*Rofs.* As we were sharing, some 6. or 7. fresh men set vpon vs.

*Falst.* And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prince.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Falst.* All? I knowe not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore old lacke, then am I no two leg'd creature.

*Prin.* Pray God, you haue not murdered some of them.

*Falst.* Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them. Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in buckrom suites: I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spitte in my face; call mee horse: thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my points foure rogues in buckrom let drue at me.

*Prin.* What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, euen now.

*Fal.* Foure, Hal, I told thee foure.

*Po.* I, I, he said, foure.

*Fal.* These foure came all afront, and mainely thrust at mee; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my target, thus.

*Prin.* Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

*Fal.* In Buckrom.

*Poinces.* I, foure, in buckrom suites.

*Fal.* Seuen, by these hiles, or I am a villaine else.

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

*Fal.* Doe'st thou heare me, Hal?

*Prin.* I, and marke thee too, lacke.

*Falst.*